

## The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 25

Lizzie and Slate were still seated in the kitchen when the doorbell rang.

"I'll answer it", Slate said, since he had relieved Mrs. Hale of her duties for sometime.

"Slaate!", a high and screechy voice welcomed him as he opened the door. It was Ella.

"I missed you so much Slate", she continued then proceeded to kiss him. Slate dragged her off him and said, "Never put your slimy hands on me again"

"But Slate, I thought we were okay. I thought you were going to marry me", she continued, still screeching.

"Look Ella, spare me, okay? Just go, hmm? Go!", Slate said, obviously at the end of his tether.

Ella looked at him sadly then went out but not without saying, "I promise you, you'll regret what you just did"

Lizzie came towards Slate and said, "Wow, I'm so proud of you, you obviously like my friend and not that t\*\*\*".

"I don't like Ella, I love her, and I'd do anything for her", he replied, distracted. Then he continued, "I'm going to call my mom up, I need to speak with Callie"

**\*\*Gisele's place of captivity\*\***

Gisele was sitting, embracing her knees to her chest. Her throat was parched and very dry; she had not had anything to eat or drink for the past twenty four hours. Her hands tied behind her back were also sore and getting numb.

Apparently, this set of kidnappers did not understand the lesson of the well-being of the victim under Kidnapping 101.

She was frightened when the rusted door open with a bang. Instinctively, she shifted into her cage and tried to make herself smaller.

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"Well, well, well, what or rather who do we have here", Gisele heard someone saying in an ironical way.

Since she was blindfolded, she relied on her hearing only and the voice seemed familiar. It was like she had heard it before.

“You thought yourself so high and mighty but look at you now, cowering with fear. Hahaha!”, she said, attempting to laugh evilly at the end, said attempt leaving her choking.

“Anyways, as I was saying, you thought you had Slate’s affection but it was nothing but a game. You were and are nothing to him”, the voice continued.

Gisele was trying to search her memories and think of who it was. Then she remembered something...

“Ella?”, she asked, incredulous.

“Yes, me. None of you thought me so intelligent to plan something like this, right? Well you were wrong. I used Edith to spy on you guys and you didn’t even take notice of her. She told me you were going out, so I seized the perfect opportunity to call my guys to take you. Hope you bruised well”, she added cheerfully, as if she was wishing someone a happy healing instead of the contrary.

Gisele couldn’t stay mum. She had to ask, “Why would you do this to me? We’ve met just twice”

“And I hope you remember how you stepped on my toes those two times we met. Slate was giving you the time of the day, so I had to step in and do something.”

She laughed again, maniacally. “And it paid off, Slate kissed me”

“You’re lying”, Gisele said, horrified.

“Oh, no. I’m not, he did. And he declared his love for me. Listen”, Ella replied then removed something from her bag. It was her phone.

She tapped on the screen then played something.

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“I don’t like Ella”, a voice that was unmistakably Slate’s said. Gisele felt a bit of hope but the next words broke her.

“I love her”.

\*\*Slate’s house\*\*

“So, basically her phone is not signaling on your tracking device?”, Lizzie asked, looking at the detective the police had sent to them.

They had finally called the police and Slate used some of his influence to get them one of the best detectives and also, refused to be excluded from all their activities.

“Yes”, the man answered shortly. He had tried to track Gisele through her iPhone but the device couldn’t detect it, showing that maybe it had been destroyed.

The detective, Detective Harris, turned back towards the machine and Slate looked defeated. All of a sudden, they heard a furious beeping sound.

“What’s that?”, Slate asked urgently.

Detective Harris’s eyes brightened. “They were not as smart as we thought. This is the location of her phone and probably where she is, too”

Slate smiled for the first time since Gisele was kidnapped.

“So what to do now?”, Lizzie asked, obviously excited.

The detective rolled his eyes, indirectly saying it was so obvious.

“We follow the signal with a few men and go and check. If she is there, we take action”, he replied.

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Quite soon after, they were leaving. Slate’s heart was pounding, he hoped they found Gisele. She was his everything, he couldn’t lose her when he had just started to love her. She was his destination, and he was damned if anything happened to her.

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Gisele heard a bang outside through her heartbreak.

“Open up! It’s the police and we’re armed”

Suddenly, Gisele heard the door her cage opened frantically and she was dragged out. She felt something strangely cold on her temple, just as heard the door go BANG!

She felt the light blind her when Ella removed the blindfold from her eyes.

“Don’t come closer or I shoot!”, Ella shouted, with a crazy look in her eyes.

So that was what was on my temple, a gun, Gisele thought grimly.

She saw Slate trying to placate Ella.

“Ella don’t do that. Do you really want to get your career into shambles because of this?”, he asked, looking at Gisele through the corner of his eyes.

Gisele was scared but she gave no inclination to it. She tried to compose herself.

Everything else was in a blur. She heard someone scream, “Gisele!!”, and the last thing she thought was it’s Slate’s birthday today